

# Good Morning

\$72

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## DESERTED VILLAGE IS BORN AGAIN

Raymond Foxall tells the story of Havannah, the Cheshire village, "Which twice dropped off to sleep"

IT was on a day of wind and rain—just the right kind of atmosphere—that I set out to solve the century-old mystery of the English village which twice dropped off to sleep and was derelict and deserted for nearly eighty years.

Incredible indeed is the story of the little hamlet which 20th century progress forgot and left behind. . . . Well might it have been culled from the weird pages of Edgar Allen Poe were it not plain, unvarnished fact.

Such facts as these:— In the green depths of Cheshire, tucked silently away in an odd corner not half a mile from the main road from Manchester to the Potteries, lies the "deserted" village of Havannah.

NO one quite knows how it got such a mysterious and romantic name, and nobody is at all sure why it was forgotten for so long.

Even in the nearby Cheshire towns and villages few people knew anything at all of its existence, and those who do are still wondering why a village only a few miles from the busy town of Congleton should die—and come to life again!

But it is known that only a score of years ago, in 1922 the village folk began to drift back to the silent cottages of Havannah.

They found the houses windowless and unkempt. Long grass and weeds had hid the uneven cobbles of the solitary main street. Straggling brambles grew from the pathway through the empty window frames.

And the old silk mill beside the cottages, which once provided the industry which kept the forgotten village alive, was crumbling and desolate.

Before the folks came back, one or two postcards depicting the empty village had stood forlornly in the local post office at Congleton. But they, too, had been forgotten. . . .

Havannah shyly hides itself in the Eaton Hall Estate. The owner of the Hall, Colonel R. H. Antrobus, came back from the last war.

Four years later, in 1922, he decided to re-open the old mill as a small velvet cutting factory.

So life returned to the tiny village.

The mysterious hush which lingers about the countryside after the rain was somehow strangely in keeping with the place as I approached.

I found Havannah shrouded in trees, and with the appearance of sleeping in the past—at the end of a narrow lane, half-hidden from the roadway, which winds steeply down to it, and then leads nowhere else.

There is one row of cottages. The other side of the "street" has gone.

There are four larger buildings, too, like farmhouses grown old, and there is a small factory and a disused mill. That is all.

Thirteen houses altogether. Population?—under 40.

No village green. No village pump. No village pub. And the nearest church, Eaton Parish Church, is a mile away.



Life has returned to Havannah, forgotten and deserted village in Cheshire. Children romp in the village street which was until recently a grass-covered track running by derelict cottages. Framed in surrounding woodlands, the village once more makes an attractive feature of "This England."

Ironically, the only street is called New Street.

Sixty-year-old James Cook lives there. He gave me his life story, because that was the best way of telling me the history of Havannah.

He brought his wife Mary to the sleeping village when the mill opened up again as a velvet factory. They hadn't been married long then, and theirs must have been the queerest setting-up of home in the world. James couldn't carry his wife over the threshold, because the brambles were in the way. . . .

Before he started work at the factory he had to help rebuild it—with the bricks from the cottages they pulled down on the other side of New Street.

And Mary had to help pull the weeds up from her doorstep before she started work inside with duster and broom.

Old Jim Cook took his pipe from his mouth and shook his grey head solemnly.

"There wasn't nobody 'ere at all then," he said. "That were twenty-odd year ago, when I came with t' missus."

"Place were in a reet muck,"—old Jim's grave eyes momentarily remembered their youth—"not a soul 'ere, and everywhere all overgrown. All the windows were proper smashed up, and I helped to pull down the row of houses opposite and re-build t' old mill."

"But it were once a flourishin' place," challenged Mrs. Cook suddenly. "At one time quite noted, too."

I agreed with them that it was very peaceful in Havannah. . . .

I asked them when it was deserted for the first time, but no one is at all sure about that. No date can be accurate. It is a secret of another generation.

Apart from a short period when a tobacco manufacturer used the mill for making cigarettes by hand—"just afore we came"—it must have been deserted for at least sixty years, as far as they knew.

Old Jim did know, however, that about 100 years ago his mother was living and working in Havannah, and that was quite consistent with the details given to me later by Colonel Antrobus, owner of the estate, though he couldn't delve too far, either. . . .

"I lived on a farm afore I came 'ere," said Old Jim, puffing meditatively. "But I allus remember, as a lad, this 'ere place all empty an' dead."

"I never thought it 'ud come to life again, an' I'd live 'ere. . . ."

Several of the village folk are in the Army now. Some are at munition factories. War has reached out even here.

There wasn't a single shop in the village—till Old Jim became the local tobacconist in his spare time. He keeps cigarettes and sweets in his back room for the factory workers. But the only indication of the fact is a small black board, about eight inches by six, over the doorway, with "J. Cook" in crude white letters, half worn away.

But they believe, they told me, that during Havannah's "other life" there was a confectionery shop and a bakery, as well as the silk mill.

I found Colonel Antrobus standing in the office of his comparatively new velvet cutting mill, and as I talked to him I felt that the mystery of the deserted village would never quite be solved. The secrets of Havannah are eternal.

Not that the Colonel was ignorant of the hamlet's past, for I sensed that his boyish eyes hid from the world the soul of a poet, and I guessed that he had made exhaustive inquiries about the village. But some little twists of history get lost entirely.

He has called his factory the Havannah Mills Coy., Ltd. He has brought Havannah at least a little more up to date. He has machinery for the job instead of the old hand frames. So maybe Havannah won't die any more!

"No one seems to know how the place got such an odd and romantic name," he told me.

"There is a story that at one time copper was found here, but perhaps the most probable tale is that a small tobacco firm settled here in 1760 and made cigars which they called Havannah."

"The village continued happily until, as far as I can make out, somewhere about 1840."

"There was a corn-grinding mill and a silk mill, and why the people forsook the village I cannot say, unless for some reason the trade was badly hit."

"It is known that the silk industry at that time began to progress, perhaps too much for Havannah and its little mill."

## And Freedom from Smoke

THE Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter are known all over the world.

There is a fifth one on its way, which will play no small part in the bright future of the brave new world: Freedom From Smoke!

Far-reaching plans are already prepared.

Based on the great heating power and simplicity of control of steam, these plans envisage entire communities without a chimney—communities in which every household has automatic warmth "on tap."

Such a community already exists.

It is the town of Virginia, Minnesota, whose climate embraces periods of weeks at a time with the mercury below zero.

But none of Virginia's twelve thousand citizens is cold!

The town's central furnace sees to that.

Through an all-embracing network of under-street pipes it pumps a never-failing stream of steam into every home.

For an average payment of around £15 a year, the Virginia householder has warmth available whenever and however he wants it.

A thermostat control in each house enables any predetermined temperature to be maintained indefinitely in all its rooms, and the amount of steam used is measured by a meter.

The total cost is about half that which would face the householder if he had to buy his own coal.

To say nothing of the annual saving of twelve months' hard labour for the housewife, who has no grates to clean out, no

coal and sticks to carry, no domestic boiler needing constant attention—and no smoke to contend with.

This lack of smoke alone means lower cleaning bills, less washing, and better health and morale—the two last-mentioned already reflected in the vital health statistics of the township.

Another striking by-product of the system is the fact that since the town switched over to steam the fire brigade's work has been almost halved!

The heating plant is owned and operated by the ratepayers, being run as a non-profit-making concern.

And, needless to add, it consumes its own smoke!

Central district heating on the same lines is being steadily extended to other towns, and parts of towns, in the United States; and in Russia the system is being adopted on a very wide scale.

Although not much has been revealed of them in this country, plans are nevertheless in being for the building of new towns and the rebuilding of blitzed areas around steam plants operated on the same lines as Virginia's municipally-owned system.

These are the communities whose houses and parks will remain clean through the years; whose housewives will live freer and less-worrying lives; whose citizens will enjoy a better standard of health.

When the sun shines on them it will shine through a clear air, strongly.

For there will be no smoke pall to rob the citizens of its all-healing rays.

Patrick Spencer



## No. 12 CALLING TEL. BOB ALMOND

As soon as we reached No. 12 Dorothy trimmed the privet. Both laughing merrily at some joke of their own.

Here was Betty, "going somewhere by bike, while



And we got another picture. How's the niece looking? This is Mrs. Alfred Beech holding up her daughter Carol for your approval. You saw Carol last when she was a wee thing in a pram. One of the nicest babies we've seen for a long day. She has a two-word vocabulary, "Mama and Dada."

All O.K. and correct at home, Bob. Mother is keeping the Manchester G.P.O. on its feet, and Father made himself late for home guard duty to tell us that brother John pushed off to some place in France and is pretty well, thank you.

Alfred has got a step up. He's in the R.E.M.E. now. And to think he fancied being a submariner!



# ANY COMPLAINTS? WASH 'EM AWAY

Says

John Michaelson

SEA bathing is a feature of the summer holidays of millions of people all over the world. Many find it difficult to believe that it is quite a recent recreation.

Yet 150 years ago there were no gay bathing beaches, no diving rafts. There were only rather grim "watering places" where people went primarily for their health. If they bathed it was because they believed sea water had marvellous curative properties, and not because they enjoyed bathing and swimming.

Just how bathing in the sea was regarded only 140 years ago is shown by examination of a book by a famous doctor, A. P. Buchan. "Observations on Sea Bathing" was published in 1804, and had some influence in making bathing fashionable. The list of complaints curable by dips in the sea listed by Buchan rivals that produced by the most outrageous patent medicine.

Buchan recommends autumn bathing, because then the sea has absorbed the maximum heat from the sun.

The early bathers were most concerned about the "cold," and Buchan reassures them that it is not necessarily harmful. Describing the process of "nata-tion," he says: "Plunging into the sea occasions a tumult of confused sensations. The aggregate of these constitutes what is usually termed the Shock."

If we are to believe Buchan, the conversation that accompanied a bathe in those days was not a mixture of laughter and chaff, but solemn discussions of the merits or otherwise of salt water for particular ailments.

He says that at Margate he heard discussions on whether sea-water thinned or thickened the blood, made people fat or thin, strengthened the heart or weakened it, and so on.

Bathing was expensive. A single lady paid 1s. 3d. for a few minutes' dip at Margate; a gentleman 1s. 6d. But a gentleman bathing himself (without a guide) paid only 1s. No tariff is quoted for a lady bathing herself. It was

probably considered neither safe nor proper.

Children were evidently sometimes inspired with horror of the water by the tales of their parents, and Dr. Buchan suggests a subtle introduction by preliminary warm baths in salt water indoors, so that they shall not be "almost convulsed with terror at the prospect of being forcibly plunged into the sea."

But Buchan himself is cautious where bathing is concerned. He does not think that a normal person should bathe oftener than once in two days, and he comments on the "impropriety of bathing in the morning, after having been in any degree intoxicated the preceding evening."

We hear to-day of the danger of bathing immediately after a heavy meal or violent exercise. Buchan is more cautious. He says the patient should never enter the water within twelve hours of any violent exercise, such as dancing.

He quotes the case of a young man who bathed the morning after an evening of moderate pleasure, and nearly died. For weeks he felt the effect of his "rashness."

Buchan considered bathing in the sea a serious matter, deserving the full attention of patient and physician. He gave much time to its study.

But two things baffled him to the end. One was that "during a course of sea bathing, many of the female sex observe their ankles are inclined to swell a little toward evening." The other was why entering the water head first caused no ill effects, since "this is not a mode indicated by Nature."

Dr. Buchan's book did much to make bathing fashionable. Many who started it to cure themselves of some real or imaginary ill continued just because they enjoyed it!



## Ronald G. Bedford sends you a letter from Wakefield (Yorks), P.O. Norman Hargreaves

Dear Norman,

You've never met me, I know, but we have plenty in common. You see, we both hail from the same town—Wakefield (Yorks). That gives me a pretty good reason for addressing you familiarly, because we both speak the same language, and we both understand and appreciate the same things.

Now although I'd never met you, Norman, I heard about your recent mention in despatches from Nancy Swanson, who lives in Robin Hood Crescent.

Nancy is my best pal's cousin—and you must have either seen me on the stage or heard me on the wireless, broadcasting with Ken Swanson, of George-a-Green Road. We used to do speciality numbers on one or two pianos—remember those grand peace-time Sunday night concerts we had at the Playhouse and the Regal?

Well, as I was saying, Nancy told me all about your mention. Naturally—being interested in submariners and their doings—I took a "Good Morning" cameraman along with me, hoping to get some pictures of the folk at Storie-Crescent.

Like Old Mother Hubbard, when I got there, the cupboard was bare. Your folk had gone some place for the day—and I was unlucky.

However, as one Wakefielder to another, I decided that I couldn't let you down, and at that moment a swell idea came to me. If I'm anything of a thought-reader, you'll spend most of your time wishing you

were having a look round your dear old hometown.

Why I thought, shouldn't I be Norman's genie? And then like Aladdin, you rubbed your magic lamp and—hey presto! I was off like a shot.

I supposed that you had been granted half a day in which to take a peep at Wakefield. Here's what I did, Norman.

First of all, I caught the Agg-brigg bus from the Savoy into the bull ring. The fare's still 1½d.—and the bus stop is still outside the "Cabbage." Percy Gething, the newsagent at the bottom of Manor Haigh Road, has moved into the end shop—the one that Beattie, the butcher, occupied before you joined up.

You wouldn't know the Bull Ring now, Norman. They've pulled the old Griffin down, and built a swell pub on a vacant lot behind. It's a Beverley's house, and the lounge—to use an Americanism—is super-dooop. Plenty of chromium and bright colours.

The Maypole is down, and Brown's—the draper's shop that stood on the corner for fifty years—has also gone. So has Nelson Street, and the whole of the left-hand side of Westmoreland Street to the market corner.

The town planners have doubled the width of the roadway there, and built a new block of shops. It makes the centre of the town worth looking at.

After walking down Kirk-gate, I turned on Ings Road, a forked left at the traffic lights, and walked down Denby Dale Road to the park.

Bandstand Hill looked grand in the afternoon sunshine, and there were quite a few people enjoying the warm spell. I walked right up the stiff hill leading to the Monkey Walk—but as it wasn't Sunday, the Walk was deserted.

I had a couple of rounds on the miniature golf course in Thornes Park, watched some of Wakefield's long-legged lovelies parading about on the tennis courts in shorts, then toddled off to watch the mothers and children of Wakefield Servicemen feeding the ducks on the lake.

Good Morning cameraman Tommy Walters took this shot of this pretty scene. I'll bet it makes you feel homesick, Norman. Anyway, I can assure you that there are many worse places than Wakefield Park on a sunny afternoon.

After a couple of hours in the park, I walked up Thornes Road as far as the George-a-Green crossroad. The "Whinney Moor" was just opening—and I'll bet this is your favourite pub, isn't it?

Tommy Walters and I popped in for a quick one, and we drank your health as well, and wished you all the luck in the world.

It's about time to close now, Norman. I hope you've enjoyed this quick trip round the old Home Town with me, and I hope to take you on another one sometime. Until then, just take good care of yourself.

The folks in Storie-crescent are mighty proud of your mention, but they want to congratulate you personally.

Sincerely yours,  
RONALD G. BEDFORD.

## Sing These Words

Here are the words you want for the tunes you know. Sheets with both words and music are being distributed at centres where those of you who "draw sweet music from the lyre" can make good use of them.

### THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD.

By courtesy of B. Feldman and Co. Words by Frank Loesser; music by Arthur Schwartz.

You marched away and left this town  
As empty as can be.  
I can't sit under the apple tree  
With anyone else but me.  
For there is no secret lover  
That the draftboard didn't discover.

They're either too young or too old,  
They're either too gray or too grassy green,  
The pickin's are poor and the crop is lean,  
What's good is in the army,  
What's left will never harm me.  
They're either too old or too young,  
So, darling, you'll never get stung,  
To-morrow I'll go hiking with that Eagle Scout, unless  
I get a call from grandpa for a snappy game of chess.  
I'm finding it easy to stay good as gold,  
They're either too young or too old.

They're either too warm or too cold,  
They're either too fast or too fast asleep,  
So, darling, believe me, I'm yours to keep,  
There isn't any gravy,  
The gravy's in the Navy.  
They're either too fresh or too stale,  
There is no available male.  
I will confess to one romance  
I'm sure you will allow,  
He tries to serenade me, but his voice is changing now.  
I'm finding it easy to keep things controlled,  
They're either too young or too old.

They're either too bald or too bold,  
I'm down to the wheel-chair and bassinet  
My heart just refuses to get upset,  
I simply can't compel it to,  
With no marines to tell it to.  
I'm either their first breath of Spring,  
Or else I'm their last little fling.  
I either get a fossil or an adolescent pup,  
I either have to hold him off or have to hold him up.  
The battle is on, but the fortress will hold,  
They're either too young or too old.

I'll never, never fail ya  
While you are in Australia,  
Or out in the Aleutians,  
Or off among the Rooshians,  
And flying over Egypt  
Your heart will never be gypped,  
And when you get to India  
I'll still be what I've been to ya.  
I've looked the field over, and, lo and behold!  
They're either too young or too old!

### MY, MY, AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN'.

By courtesy of Campbell, Connelly and Co. Ltd. Words and music by Harry Tobias and Pinky Tomlin.

You ain't seen nothin' yet,  
Nothin' quite as neat,  
Till you see what I just saw  
Walkin' up the street.

My, my, ain't that somethin'.  
(Whistle) Where's my hat?  
Oh, boy! my heart's thumpin',  
Ain't seen nothin' that looks like that.  
My, my, ain't that somethin'.  
(Whistle) Shut my mouth.  
Oh, joy! My heart's jumpin',  
Jumpin' North and a-jumpin' South.  
It really walks, it really talks,  
It really moves about,  
It must be real, a solid deal,  
And I'm gonna figure it out.  
My, my, ain't that somethin'.  
(Whistle) Hear me shout.  
Oh, boy! ain't that somethin',  
Ain't that somethin' to talk about?



## Pickwick lovers! here's the LEATHER BOTTLE

DESCRIBED by Charles Dickens as a "clean and comfortable village ale-house," the old "Leather Bottle" is a charming timber-frame house just off the main London-Rochester road.

Lovers of Dickens come from all parts of the country to visit the inn, and one of the rooms is devoted entirely to relics and pictures associated with the great novelist, including his favourite chair.

The sign which hung over the door in the days of Mr. Pickwick can still be seen, while its place is now taken by a

smaller bottle and a picture of the jovial gentleman himself.

"Pickwick Papers" describes how Mr. Tracy Tupman was shamefully treated at the hands of Mr. Jingle.

The scheming rascal had eloped with Tupman's young lady, after borrowing £10 from him for the purpose, so that it is not surprising that Mr. Pickwick came upon his friend in a state of dejection—and hunger—at the "Leather Bottle".

Ron Richards

## HIDE-OUT FOR THE HARE

By Fred Kitchen

JESSE was on his way to work, brushing the hedge alongside the beet field, when he "set up" a hare.

The animal didn't seem in any way afraid of Jesse, and just leaped a zig-zag course along the headland, pausing every now and again to stand up with ears erect to watch the man following along.

Then, as it reached the corner of the field, a fox sidled out of the sugar beet.

For the space of a second, both animals paused in surprise at the unexpected meeting—and then the hare laid back its ears and went.

It was too near the hedge to turn into the beet, where the thick leaves would have given it a fair chance to elude its pursuer—so through the hedge it had to go, with the fox close on its heels.

It seemed as though the fox must surely win, for the field was bare pasture sloping downhill to the stream, and the hare's long hind legs were not at their best on a down-hill run.

Jesse watched to see if the hare would take the water or jump across. From where he

stood, he saw both animals disappear down the bank.

Only the fox came up on the opposite side, and ran with its nose to the ground a little way alongside the stream.

That happened on a Monday morning, and on the following Thursday Jesse was in the pasture helping to round up the young beasts which were being taken home for the winter.

They were walking alongside the stream, and Jesse was relating to the herdsman how the hare had escaped the fox by swimming down the stream, when the herdsman stopped short to point to a tree that leaned halfway across the water.

"Sithee, Jesse, what's bin gnawin' up there?" he asked. Some fifteen feet up the sloping trunk the bark and twigs were all eaten away, and crouched in the niche of a bough was Jesse's hare.

For four days the timid animal had lived on bark and twigs, afraid to venture down the sloping tree trunk.



Field Foe No. 1

"Going up" had been fairly easy, with its long hind-legs to propel it along—and a hungry fox as an extra urge—but four days of starvation diet had not been enough to give it courage to venture down the steep slope or to jump into the water below.

A poke with a long rail dislodged it, and any visions of hare for dinner by Jesse or the herdsman were quickly dispelled when the hare took a flying leap as the rail poked it in the rear.

Up the grass field it went, and was soon under the cover of the friendly beet-leaves—its fate deferred to the future.



# BUCK RYAN

WELL, AFTER THAT BIT OF EXCITEMENT, I THINK WE'LL CALL IT A DAY AND RELAX

SUITS ME, BLUEY. I COULD DO WITH A SHOWER AND A NAP. WHERE IS ZOLA?

THE NURSES ARE LOOKING AFTER ZOLA. AND YOU MUST SEE THE M.O. RYAN. HE'LL WANT TO TATTOO YOU WITH A FRESH PATTERN OF INOCULATIONS

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR CLOTHES, ZOLA. I THINK I CAN WANGLE SOME G.I.'S FOR YOU

YOU'RE A PAL!

HERE, LET ME HAVE A GO!

IF THE WORLD WAS RUN BY YOU NURSES—WARS WOULD CEASE

JOINED THE AUSSIE NURSING RESERVE, ZOLA?

NO, THIS IS JUST NEW GUINEA HOSPITALITY

I'VE BEEN FED, WASHED AND DRESSED

I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU TWO

AS YOU MAY OR MAY NOT KNOW—SOUTH EAST ASIA COMMAND AND SOUTH PACIFIC MAINTAIN CLOSE CO-OPERATION

IT SO HAPPENS THAT OUR LIAISON OFFICER IS OFF SICK. YOU, RYAN, HAVE SEEN THIS INFRA RED DETECTOR AND THE ROBOT TANK IN ACTION

YOU WANT ME TO DEPUTISE FOR THE LIAISON OFFICER?

YES, I WANT YOU TO GO TO S.E.A.C. H.Q. SEAC PROBABLY KNOWS ALL ABOUT THESE ROBOT TANKS AND THE INFRA RED ALARM—BUT THEY MAY NOT HAVE SEEN THEM USED BY THE ENEMY...

I'VE HAD THESE THINGS PHOTOGRAPHED AND HERE IS A COPY OF LI BLUEY WILKS' REPORT OF YOUR ROUGH AND TUMBLE

WHEN AND HOW DO WE GET TO CEYLON?

THE OLD LERWICK IS BEING OVERHAULED. I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN SHE'S READY. SEE YOU IN THE MESS

PITY YOU'RE GOING, BUCK. WE HAVN'T HAD A YAP ABOUT CRICKET YET

TEST CRICKET IS A GOOD GAME SPOILED BY SOLEMNITY AND PUBLICITY, BLUEY. LET'S FORGET IT AND PART, FRIENDS!

THE OLD KITE IS READY! COME ON, ZOLA. O.K., RYAN?

GOODYE, CAPTAIN

SO LONG, BLUEY... THANKS FOR COMING TO OUR RESCUE

SO LONG, BUCK

M-M-M, I WISH YOU HAD JOINED THE AUSSIE NURSING SERVICE, ZOLA!

I'VE HAD NO PILL FACTORY TRAINING—SO I WOULD ONLY SPOIL THE A.M.C. RECORDS

BALUS BOSS I'M SAY BIG FELLA BALUS SODA-WATER E GO 'OT UP, MISSUS

SO LONG, BLUEY. YOU'VE BEEN A PAL!

AND SO WE BID FAREWELL TO NEW GUINEA

CAPT. LEE'S TOLD ME THAT WE LANDED IN NETHERLANDS NEW GUINEA, BUCK. AN AREA CALLED GRAND VALLEY

IT WASN'T KNOWN THAT GRAND VALLEY WAS INHABITED BY SOME 60,000 NATIVES UNTIL 1938. A PARTY OF U.S. SCIENTISTS, LED BY RICHARD ARCHBOLD, DISCOVERED THEM

NO WONDER THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MY PIDGIN ENGLISH!

I MARVELLED WHEN SONI DID—FOR, I DIDN'T!

YAHOO! A ZERO

CUR-RIPE! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

GOING DOWN, CHUMS. GIVE HIM ALL YOU'VE GOT!

HE'S COMING IN, SKIP

TAIL CALLING SKIP. ZERO TURNING TO STARBOARD

WHEN! HE NEARLY RAMMED US

## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

WHEN the famous abbey of Monte Cassino fell at long last to the Allies, the Polish flag was hoisted on the eminence side by side with the Union Jack. The abbey itself was largely in ruins, but the victory was of unquestionable importance to the Allied cause.



The advent had its repercussions in the stamp world. I have previously mentioned the Italian series commemorating the abbey, which received an added value in the eyes of philatelists. The Poles, bent perhaps on making some visual record of their part in its capture, decided to overprint their 1941 set of war stamps.

These were four pictorials illustrating the Polish Forces in action. The overprint in blue was "Monte Cassino/ 18. V. 1944," and all values were surcharged to a lower face.



This is already shaping as one of the best of all war issues. The total printing was limited to 50,000 sets. When they came first on the market in July, retailers offered them at 3s. 6d. This struck me as being appreciably below their worth, and dealers apparently soon discovered their mistake.

A wholesaler told me that he disposed of his allocation—500 sets—in America for 6s. a set, and added that, in his opinion, they were worth 10s. retail, and would rapidly appreciate far beyond that figure.



Rapidly the retail price rose. Three weeks after issue they were selling at 10s., and for used copies at something like £1. At present I can see no limit to their upward trend.

Now a variety of major philatelic interest has been discovered. On the 55 gr. stamp there is a missing stop following the figures 18 in the date. This apparently occurs only once in the sheet, the last in the third row.

The sheet contains one hundred stamps, and as the total printing is 50,000 copies, only 500 exist without the stop.



This variety is one of the plums well worth searching for. I am illustrating all four stamps—not the error—in this column.

With the Russian Forces in Poland, recognising a provisional Polish government other than that functioning in London, I imagine that further Polish war issues will come on to the market with the blessing of the Soviet authorities. A pretty philatelic situation will then arise. For collectors, Poland is worth watching.

### Alex Cracks

She was a smart young Wren driver, but she ran into a spot of trouble in the black-out. The Admiral—he had served in destroyers—picked himself out of the ditch, said "Carry on," and clambered aboard again. But, discussing it later, her best friend said, "How terribly unlucky for you, my dear, to have spilt the jolly old salt."

An American soldier, on his arrival in this country, when welcomed by a British Tommy, said, "Why shouldn't we come over? After all, aren't we relations?" The British soldier said he could not remember meeting the American before. The American thereupon replied, "At any rate, if we are not related, we are both descended from Ethelred the Unready."

An American soldier, seeing the sights of Cairo, went up to a sentry at the Citadel and said, "Say, buddy, can you tell me when the Crusaders were here?" The sentry replied, "Don't know the Crusaders, but we relieved the Camerons last week."



# Good Morning

Chester Conklin, Keystone "cop."



Heart-throb Constance Talmadge.



Super athlete and lady-killer Douglas Fairbanks.



Pearl White, queen of serials and thrills.

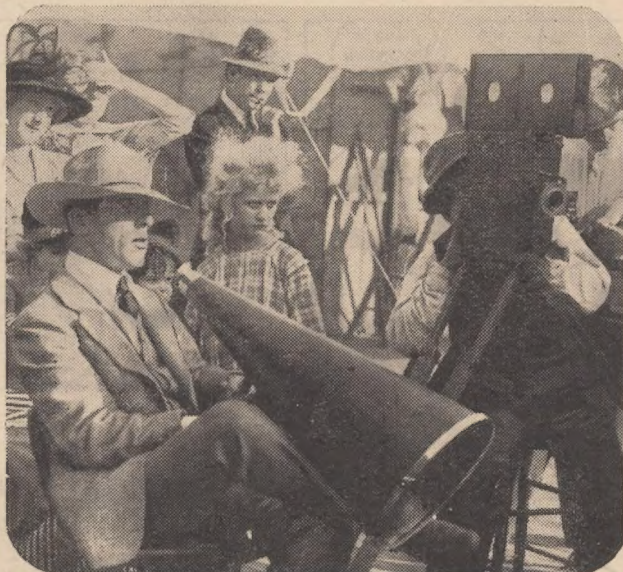


Star of a thousand moods. Russian fascinator Nazimova.

## "SILENT PASSION"

Film stars who became World's Sweethearts without saying a word, thanks to silent films

—and Hank Mann, another Keystone comedian.



Film creator D. W. Griffiths rehearsing "The Birth of a Nation."



Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. Can anyone forget the sheik of all sheiks, Valentino?



First film of Charlie Chaplin. Remember all the super ones he has produced since!



PIN-UP GIRL OF 1920



Ace of cowboys Tom Mix. Boy, what a smashing pony "Tony" was.



Lon Chaney, star of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."



Vivid action in the desperate days of the Oklahoma land rush. William Collier, junr., plays the role of outlaw kid.



The Gish sisters, playing in "Romola" and "The Birth of a Nation," sweethearts of 1923.